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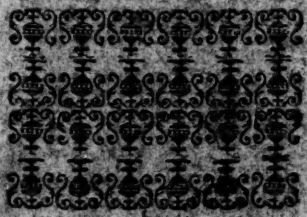
Iter Boreale.

Together with some other Select

POEMS,

Not heretofore Printed.

By the same Author.



Robert Wild

LONDON,

Printed for *R. I.* and are to be sold in St. *Paul's* Church-yard, 1665.

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1665

Iter Boreale.

Attempting ſomething upon the Succeſsfull and Matchleſs March of the Lord General

George Monck,

From SCOTLAND to LONDON in the Winter. 1659.

I.

THe day is broke! *Melpomene*, be gone;
Hag of my Fancy, let me now alone:
Night-mare my Soul no more; Go take thy flight
Where Traytors Ghoſts keep an eternal night;
Flee to Mount *Caucaſus*, and bear thy part
With the black foul that tears *Prometheus* heart
For his bold Sacriledge: Go fetch the groans
Of defunct Tyrants, with them croke thy Tones;

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Go ſee *Alecto*, with her flaming whip,
How ſhe firks *Nol*, and makes old *Bradſhaw* skip:
Go make thy ſelf away,----Thou ſhalt no more
Choak up my Standiſh with the blood and gore
Of Engliſh Tragedies: I now will chuſe
The merrieſt of the Nine to be my Muſe:
And (come what will) I'le ſcribble once again:
The brutiſh Sword hath cut the Nobler Vein
Of racy Poetry. Our ſmall-drink-times
Muſt be contented, and take up with Rhymes.
They'r ſorry toys from a poor Levites pack,
Whoſe Living and Aſſeſments drink no Sack.
The Subject will excuſe the Verſe (I trow)
The Ven'ſon's fat, although the Cruſt be dough.

II.

I He who whileom ſate and ſung in Cage
My Kings and Countries Ruines, by the rage
Of a rebellious Rout; Who weeping ſaw
Three goodly Kingdoms (drunk with fury) draw
And ſheath their Swords (like three enraged Bro-
In one anothers ſides, ripping their Mothers [thers)
Belly, and tearing out her bleeding heart;
Then jealous that their Father fain would part
Their bloody Fray, and let them fight no more,
Fell foul on Him, and ſlew Him at His door.
I that have only dar'd to whiſper Verſes,
And drop a tear (by ſtealth) on loyal Hearſes;

I that enraged at the *Times* and *Rump*,
Had gnaw'd my Gooſe-quill to the very ſtump,
And flung that in the fire, no more to write,
But to ſit down poor *Britains Heraclite*,
Now ſing the triumphs of the Men of War,
The Glorious Rayes of the bright Northern Star,
Created for the nonce by Heaven to bring
The Wiſe men of three Nations to their King:
MONGK! the Great *Monck!* That ſyllable out-
Plantagenet's bright Name, or *Conſtantine's*, [ſhines
'Twas at His Riſing that *Our Day* begun,
Be he the *Morning ſtar* to *CHARLES* our *Sun.*
He took Rebellion rampant, by the Throat,
And made the Canting *Quaker* change his Note;
His Hand it was that wrote, (we ſaw no more)
Exit Tyrannus over *Lambert's* dore.

Like to ſome ſubtle Lightning, ſo His Words
Diſſolved in their Scabbards Rebels Swords.
He with ſucceſs the *Sovereign* skill hath found
To dreſs the Weapon and to heal the Wound.
George, and his Boyes (as Spirits do, they ſay)
Only by Walking ſcare our Foes away.

III.

OLd *Holofernes* was no ſooner laid,
Before the Idols Funeral Pomp was [aid,
(Nor

(Nor ſhall a penny ere be paid for me;
Let fools that truſted his true Mourners be.)
Richard the fourth, juſt peeping out of Squire,
No fault ſo much as, Th' old one was his Sire;
For men believ'd,--though all went in his Name,
Hee'd be but Tenant till the Landlord came:
When on a ſudden (all amaz'd) we found
The ſeven Years *Babel* tumbled to the ground;
And he, poor heart, (thanks to his cunning Kin)
Was ſoon in *Querpo* honeſt *Dick* agen.
Exit Protector.——What comes next? I trow,
Let the State-Huntſmen beat again,——So--ho,
Cries *Lambert*, Maſter of the Hounds,——Here ſits
That luſty Puſs, *The Good Old Cauſe*,——whoſe wits
Shew'd *Oliver* ſuch ſport; That, that (cries *Vane*)
Let's put her up, and run her once again:
She'll lead our Dogs and Followers up and down,
Whilſt we match Families, and take the Crown.
Enter th' old Members: 'Twas the Month of *May*
Theſe Maggots in the *Rump* began to play:
Wallingford Anglers (though they ſtunk) yet thought
They would make baits, by which Fiſh might be caught;
And ſo it prov'd; they ſoon by taxes made
More money then the *Holland* Fiſhing Trade.

IV.

NOw broke in *Egypts* plagues (all in a day)
And one more worſe then theirs;---We muſt not pray

To

To be deliver'd:----Their ſcabb'd folks were free
To ſcratch where it did itch;----So might not we.
That Meteor *Cromwel*, though he ſcar'd, gave light;
But we were now cover'd with horrid Night:
Our Magiſtracy was (like *Moſes* Rod)
Turn'd to a Serpent by the angry God.
Poor Citizens, when Trading would not do,
Made brick without ſtraw, and were baſted too:
Struck with the botch of Taxes and Exciſe;
Servants (*our very Duſt*) were turn'd to *Lice*;
It was but turning Soldiers, and they need
Not work at all, but on their Maſters feed.
Strange Catterpillars are our pleaſant things;
And Frogs croakt in the Chambers of our Kings:
Black bloody veins did in the *Rump* prevail,
Like the Philiſtims Emrods in the Tayle.
Lightning, Hail, Fire, and Thunder *Ægypt* had,
And *England* Guns, Shot, Powder, (that's as bad.)
And that Sea-Monſter *Lawſon* (if withſtood)
Threatned to turn our Rivers into Blood. [ſell
And (Plague of all theſe Plagues) all theſe Plagues
Not on an *Ægypt*, but our *Iſrael*.

V.

Sick (as her heart can hold) the Nation lies,
Filling each corner with her hideous cries:
Sometimes Rage (like a burning Fever) heats,
Anon Deſpair brings cold and clammy Sweats;

She

She cannot ſleep; or if ſhe doth ſhe dreams
Of Rapes, Thefts, Burnings, Blood, and direful (theams;
Toſſes from ſide to ſide, then by and by
Her feet are laid there where the head did lie:
None can come to her but bold Empiricks,
Who never meant to cure her but try tricks:
Thoſe very *Doctors* who ſhould give her eaſe,
(God help the *Patient*) was her worſt diſeaſe.
Th' *Italian* Mountebanck *Vane* tells her ſure
Jeſuits Powder will effect the Cure.
If grief but makes her ſwell, *Martin* and *Nevil*
Conclude it is a ſpice of the Kings-Evil.
Bleed her again, another cries; ---- And *Scot*
Saith he could cure her, if 'twas --- you know what:
But giddy *Harrington* a whimſey found,
To make her head (like to his brain) run round:
Her old and wiſe Phyſitians, who before
Had well nigh cur'd her, came again to th' dore,
But were kept out, Which made her cry the more,
Help, Help, (*deare Children*) Oh! ſome pity take
On her who bore you! Help for mercy ſake!
Oh heart! Oh head! Oh back! Oh bones! I feel
They've poyſon'd me with giving too much ſteel:
Oh give me that for which I long and cry!
Something that's *Soveraign*, or elſe I dye.

Kind

VI.

KInd *Cheſhire* heard;---And like ſome ſon that [ſtood
Upon the Bank, ſtraight jump'd into the *flood*,
Flings out his arms, and ſtrikes ſome ſtrokes to ſwim,
Booth ventur'd firſt, and *Middleton* with him;
Stout *Mackworth*, *Egerton*, and thouſands more,
Threw themſelves in, and left the ſafer ſhore;
Maſſey (that famous Diver) and bold *Brown*
Forſook his Wharf,---reſolving all to drown,
Or ſave a ſinking Kingdom:---But, Oh ſad!
Fearing to loſe her prey, the Sea grew mad,
Rais'd all her billows, and reſolv'd her waves.
Should quickly be the bold Adventurers graves.
Out Marches *Lambert*, like an Eaſtern Wind,
And with him all the mighty Waters joyn'd.
The loyal Swimmers bore up heads and breaſts,
Scorning to think of Life or Intereſts;
They ply'd their Arms and Thighs, but all in vain;
The furious Main beat them to Shore again;
At which the floating Iſland (looking back,
Spying her loyal Lovers gone to wrack)
Shriekt lowder then before,---and thus ſhe cries,
"Can you ye angry Heavens, and frowning Skies,
"Thus countenance Rebellious Mutineers,
"Who, if they durſt, would be about your ears?
"That I ſhould ſink, with Juſtice may accord,
"Who let my Pilot be thrown over-board;

"Yet

" Yet 'twas not I (ye righteous Heavens do know)
" The Soldiers in me needs would have it ſo:
" And thoſe who conjur'd up theſe Storms themſelves,
" And firſt engag'd me 'mongſt theſe Rocks and [Shelves,
" Guilty of all my woes, have rais'd this weather,
" Fearing to come to Land, and chuſing rather
" To ſink me with themſelves.---O ceaſe to frown,
" In tears (juſt Heavens!) behold! my ſelf I drown:
" Let not theſe proud Waves do't: Prevent my fears,
" And let them fall together by the ears.

VII.

HEav'n heard, and ſtruck th'inſulting Army mad,
Drunk with their *Cheſhire* Triumphs, ſtraight they had
New Lights appear'd, And new Reſolves they take;
A *Single Perſon* once again to make.
Who ſhall be he? Oh! *Lambert*, without rub,
The fitteſt Devil to be *Belzebub*.
He, the fierce Fiend, caſt out o'th' Houſe before,
Return'd, and threw the Houſe now out of door:
A Legion then he rais'd of Armed Sprights,
Elves, Goblins, Faires, Quakers, and new Lights,
To be his under Devils; with this reſt
He Soul and Body (Church and State) poſſeſt:
Who thô they fill'd all countries, towns, and rooms,
Yet (like that Fiend that did frequent the Tombs)
Churches

Churches, and Sacred Grounds they haunted moſt,
No Chappel was at eaſe from ſome ſuch Ghoſt
The Prieſts ordain'd to Exerciſe thoſe Elves,
Were Voted Devils, and caſt out themſelves:
Bible, or Alchoran, all's one to them,
Religion ſerves but for a Stratagem:
The holy Charms theſe Adders did not heed,
Churches themſelves did Sanctuary need.

VIII.

THe Churches Patrimony and rich Store,
Alas! was ſwallow'd many years before:
Biſhops and *Deans* we fed upon before,
They were the *Ribs* and *Surloyns* of the Whore:
Now let her *Legs* (the *Prieſts*) go to the Pot,
(They have the Pope's Eye in them) ſpare them not:
We have fat Benefices yet to eat,
(*Bell*, and our *Dragon*-Army, muſt have meat:)
Let us devour her Limb-meal, great and ſmall,
Tythe Calves, Geeſe, Pigs, the Petitoes and all:
A Vicaridge in Sippets, though it be
But ſmall, will ſerve a ſqeamiſh Sectarie.
Though Univerſities we can't endure,
There's no falſe Latine in their Lands (be ſure.)
Give *Oxford* to our Horſe, and let the Foot
Take *Cambridge* for their booty, and fall to't.
Chriſt-Church I'le have (cries *Vane*;) *Disbrow* ſwops
At *Trinity*; *Kings* is for *Berry*'s chops;

Kelſey

Kelſey, take *Corpus Chriſti*; *All-Souls*, *Packer*;
Grave *Creed*, S. *Johns*; *New-Colledge* leave to *Hacker*
Fleetwood cries, *Weeping Maudlin* ſhall be mine,
Her tears I'le drink inſtead of *Muſcadine*:
The ſmaller *Halls* and *Houſes* ſcarce are big
Enough to make one Diſh for *Haſilrig*;
We muſt be ſure to ſtop his mouth, though wide,
Elſe all our fat will be i'th' fire (they cry'd:
And when we have done theſe we'll not be quiet,
Lordſhips and Landlords Rents ſhall be our diet.
Thus talk'd this jolly crew, but ſtill mine Hoſt
Lambert reſolves that he will rule the Roſt.

IX.

BUt hark! Methinks I hear old *Boreas* blow; [ſo?
What mean the North-winds that they bluſter
More ſtorms from that black nook? Forbear, (bold
Let not *Dunbar* and *Worc'ſter* be forgot: [*Scot*!)
What? would you chaffer w'us for one *Charls* more?
The price of Kings is fall'n, give the Trade o're.
And is the price of Kings and Kingdoms too,
Of Laws, Lives, Oaths, Souls, grown ſo low with you?
Perfidious Hypocrites! Monſters of Men!
(Cries the good *Monck*) we'll raiſe their price agen.
Heaven ſaid *Amen*, and breath'd upon that Spark;
That Spark (preſerv'd alive i'th' cold and dark)
Firſt kindled and enflam'd the Britiſh Iſle,
And turn'd it all to Bonfires in a while:

He

He and his fewel was ſo ſmall, no doubt,
Proud *Lambert* thought to tread or piſs them out.
But *George* was wary; --- His cauſe did require
A Pillar of a Cloud as well as Fire:
'Twas not his ſafeſt courſe to flame, but ſmoak;
His enemies he will not burn but choak;
Small fires muſt not blaze out, leſt by their light
They ſhew their weakneſs and their Foes invite;
But Furnaces the ſtouteſt Metals melt,
(And ſo did he) by fire not ſeen, but felt;
Dark-Lanthorn Language, and his peep-boe play,
Will-E-Wiſpt Lambert's new-Lights out o'th' way.
George, & his boys, thoſe thouſands (ô ſtrange thing)
Of *Snipes* and *Woodcocks* took by Lowbelling.
His few Scotch-Coal kindled with Engliſh Fire,
Made *Lamberts* great *Newcaſtle* heaps expire.

X.

Scotland (though poor and peeviſh) was content
To keep the Peace, and (O rare!) money lent;
But yet the bleſſing of their Kirk was more;
George had that too; and with this ſlender ſtore
He and His Mirmidons advance: --- Kind Heaven
Prepar'd a froſt to make their March more even,
Eaſie and ſafe; it may be ſaid, That year
Of th' High-ways Heaven it ſelf was Overſeer,
And made *November* ground as hard as *May*;
White as their Innocence, ſo was their Way:

The

The Clouds came down in Feather-beds, to greet
Him and his Army, and to kiſs their feet.
The froſt and foes both came and went together,
Both thaw'd away, & vaniſh'd God knows whither.
Whole Countries crouded in to ſee this Friend,
Ready to caſt their bodies down to mend
His Road to *Weſtminſter*; and ſtill they ſhout,
Lay hold of th' *Rump*, and pull the *Monſter* out:
A new one, or a whole one (*Good my Lord*)
And to this cry the Iſland did accord,
The Eccho of the *Iriſh* hollow ground
Heard *England* and her language did rebound.

XI.

PReſto -- *Jack Lambert*, and his Sprights are gon
To dance a Jig with's brother *Oberon*:
George made him, and his Cut-throats of our lives,
Swallow their ſwords as Juglers do their Knives.
And Carter *Disborough* to wiſh in vain,
He now were Waggoner to *Charles* his Wain.
The Conqueror is now come into th' South,
Whoſe warm Air is made hot by every mouth;
Breathing his welcome, and in ſpite of *Scot*,
Crying --- *The whole Child* (Sir) *divide it not:*
The Rump begins to ſtink; Alas! (cry they)
W' have rais'd a Devil which we cannot lay.
I like him not --- His belly is ſo big,
There's a King in't, cryes furious *Haſilrig*,

Let's

Let's bribe Him (they cry all) Carve him a ſhare
Of our ſtoln Veniſon. ----Varlets forbear,
In vain you put your Lime twigs to his Hands
George Monck *is for the King, not for his Lands;*
When fair means would not do, next foul they try,
Vote him the City Scavenger, (they cry)
Send him to ſcowr their Streets.---- Well, let it be;
Your Rumpſhip wants a ſcowring too, (thinks he)
That foul houſe where your Worſhips many year
Have laid your Tayl, ſure wants a Scavenger:
I ſmell your Fizzle, though it make no Crack,
You'ld mount me on the Cities galled Back,
In hope ſhe'll caſt her Rider: If I muſt
Upon ſome Office in the Town be thruſt,
I'le be their Sword-bearer,----and to their Dagger
I'le joyn my Sword:----Nay, (*good Rump*) do not
The City feaſts me, and as ſure as Gun) [ſwagger,
I'le mend all *Englands* Commons e're I've done.

XII.

And ſo he did: One Morning next his heart
He goes to *Weſtminſter*, and play'd his part;
He vampt their boots (which *Hewſon* ne'r could do)
With better leather, made them g' upright too.
The Reſtor'd Members (*Cato*-like, no doubt)
Did only enter that They might go out;
They did not mean within thoſe Walls to dwell,
Nor did they like their Company ſo well:

Yet Heav'n ſo bleſt them, that in three weeks ſpace
They gave both Church and State a better face;
They gave *Booth*, *Maſſy*, *Brown*, ſome kinder lots;
The laſt years Traytors, this years Patriots:
The Churches poor Remainder they made good,
And waſh'd the Nations Hands of Royal Blood;
And that a Parliament (they did deviſe)
From its own aſhes (*Phœnix*-like) might riſe;
This done, By *Act* and *Deed* that might not fail,
They paſt a Fine, and ſo cut off *th' Entail.*

XIII.

LEt the Bells ring theſe Changes now from *Bow*
Down to the Country Candleſticks below;
Ringers, hands off; The Bells themſelves will dance
In memory of their own deliverance.
Had not *George* ſhew'd his Metal, and ſaid Nay,
Each Sectary had born the Bell away: [Crew)
Down with them all, they'r Chriſtned (cry'd that
Tye up their Clappers, and the Parſons too;
Turn them to Guns, or ſell them to the *Dutch.*
Nay, hold, (quoth *George*) my Maſters, that's too
You will not leap o're Steeples thus, I hope, [much;
I'le ſave the Bells, but you may take the Rope.
Thus lay *Religion* panting for her life,
Like *Iſaac*, bound under the bloody knife;
George held the falling Weapon, ſav'd the Lamb:
Let *Lambert* (in the Briars) be the *Ram.*

So

So lay the Royal Virgin (as 'tis told)
When brave S. *George* redeem'd her life, of old.
Oh that the Knaves that have conſum'd our Land,
Had but permitted Wood enough to ſtand
To be his Bonfires; --- Wee'd burn every ſtem,
And leave no more but Gallow-Trees for them.

XIV.

MArch on, *Great Heroe*! as thou haſt begun,
And crown our *Happineſs* before th'aſt done:
We have another *CHARLS* to fetch from *Spain*,
Be thou the *GEORGE* to bring him back again:
Then ſhalt thou be (what was deny'd that Knight)
Thy Princes, and the Peoples Favorite.
There is no danger of the Winds at all,
Unleſs together by the Ears they fall,
Who ſhall the honour have to waft a King:
And they who gain it, while they work ſhall ſing.
Methinks I ſee how thoſe Triumphant Gales,
Proud of the great Employment, ſwell the Sails:
The joyful Ship ſhall dance, the Sea ſhall laugh,
And loyal Fiſh their Maſters health ſhall quaff:
See how the *Dolphins* croud and thruſt their large
And ſcaly ſhoulders, to aſſiſt the Barge;
The peaceful Kingfiſhers are met together
About the Decks and propheſie ~~calm weather~~;
Poor Crabs and Lobſters are gone down to creep,
And ſearch for Pearls and Jewels in the deep;

And when they have the booty,-----crawl before,
And leave them for his welcome to the Shore.

XV.

ME-thinks I ſee how throngs of people ſtand
Scarce patient till the Veſſel come to Land,
Ready to leap in, and if need require,
With Tears of Joy, to make the waters higher.
But what will *London* do? I doubt Old *Paul*
With bowing to his *S*overaign will fall,
The Royal Lyons from the Tower ſhall roar,
And though they ſee him not, yet ſhall adore:
The Conduits will be raviſh'd, and combine
To turn their very water into Wine:
And for the Citizens, I only pray
They may not over-joy'd all dye that day:
May we all live more loyal and more true,
To give to *Ceſar* and to God their due.
Wee'l make his Fathers Tomb with tears to ſwim,
And for the Son, we'll ſhed our blood for him.
England her penitential Song ſhall ſing,
And take heed how ſhe quarrels with her King.
If for our ſins----our Prince ſhall be miſled,
Wee'l bite our nails, rather than ſcratch our *head*.

XVI.

ONe Engliſh *George* out-weighs alone (by odds)
A whole Committee of the Heathens Gods;
Pronounce but *Monck*, and (it is all his due)
He is our *Mercury*, *Mars*, and *Neptune* too.
Monck (what great *Xerxes* could not) prov'd the (man
That with a word ſhackled the Ocean;
He ſhall command *Neptune* himſelf to bring
His Trident, and preſent it to our King.
Oh do it then, great Admiral:———Away,
Let him be here againſt St. *George*'s day;
That *Charles* may wear His *Dieu Et Mon Droit*,
And Thou the Noble Garter'd *Honi Soit*.
And when thy Aged Corps ſhall yield to Fate,
God ſave that ſoul that ſav'd our *Church* and *State*:
There thou ſhalt have a glorious Crown, I know,
Who Crown'dſt our King and Kingdoms here be-
But who ſhall find a Pen fit for thy glory; (low.
Or make Poſterity believe thy Story?

Vive St. *GEORGE*,

THE TRAGEDY OF Mr. *Christopher Love*, Late Minister of the Gospel;

Acted upon

TOWER-HILL,

August 22. 1651.

The Prologue.

NEw from a slaughter'd Monarchs Hearse I (come,
A Mourner to a Martyr'd Prophet's Tomb:
Pardon, great *Charls* his Ghost, my Muse had stood
Yet three years longer, till sh'had wept a Flood;
Too mean a Sacrifice for Royal Blood.

But

But she must go, Heav'n does by Thunder call
For her Attendance at *LOVE*'s Funeral:
Forgive, great Sir, this Sacriledge in me,
The tenth Tear he must have, it is his Fee;
'Tis due to him, and yet 'tis stoln from Thee

The Argument.

'Twas when the Raging Dog did rule the Skies,
And with his scorching Face did tyrannize,
When cruel *Cromwel*, Whelp of that mad Star,
But sure more fiery than his Sire by far,
Had dry'd the *Northern Fife*, and with his heat
Put frozen *Scotland* in a Bloody Sweat:
When he had conquer'd, and his furious Train
Had chas'd the North-Bear, & pursu'd *Charls* Wain
Into the *English* Orb; then 'twas thy fate
(Sweet *LOVE*) to be a Present from our State,
A greater Sacrifice there could not come,
Than a Divine, to bleed his Welcome home.
For He, and *Herod* think no Dish so good,
As a *John Baptists* Head, serv'd up in Blood.

ACT. I.

The *Philistims* are set in their High Court,
And *Love*, like *Samson's* fetch'd to make them *sport*:
Unto the Stake the smiling Prisoner's brought,
Not to be try'd, but baited, most men thought:

Monſters, like Men, muſt worry him; and thus
He fights with Beaſts, like *Paul* at *Epheſus*.
Adams, *Far*, *Huntington*, with all the Pack
Of foiſting Hounds, were ſet upon his Back.
Prideaux and *Keeble* ſtand and cry, Haloo;
'Twas a full Cry, and yet it would not do.
Oh how he foil'd them! Standers by did ſwear,
That he the Judge, and they the Traitors were:
For there he prov'd (although he ſeem'd a Lamb)
Stour, like a Lion, from whole Den he came.

ACT. II.

It is decreed; nor ſhall thy Worth, dear *Love*,
Reſiſt their Vows, nor their Revenge remove.
Though Pray'rs were join'd to Pray'rs, and tears to tears,
No Softneſs in their Rocky Hearts appears:
Nor Heav'n nor Earth abate their Fury can,
But they will have thy Head, thy Head, good Man.
Sure ſome She-Sectary longed, and in haſte
Muſt try how *Presbyterian* Blood did taſte.
'Tis fit ſhe have the beſt, and therefore thine,
Thine muſt be broach'd, bleſt Saint! 'Tis Drink di-
No ſooner was the dreadful Sentence read, [vine.
The Priſoner ſtraight bow'd his condemned Head:
And by that humble Poſture told them all,
It was an Head that did not fear a fall.

ACT.

ACT. III.

And now I wiſh the fatal Stroke were given;
I'm ſure our Martyr longs to be in Heaven,
And Heav'n to have him there: one moments blow
Makes him triumphant; but here comes his wo,
His Enemies will grant a Months Suſpence,
If 't be for the nonce to keep him thence:)
And that he may tread in his Saviours ways,
He ſhall be tempted too, his forty days:
And with ſuch baits too, Caſt thy ſelf but down,
Fall, and but worſhip, and your Life's your own.
Thus cry'd his Enemies; oh 'twas their pride,
To wound his Body, and his Soul beſide.
One Plot th'have more, when all their own do fail,
If Devils can't, Diſciples may prevail.
Lets tempt him by his Friends, make *Peter* cry,
Good Maſter, Spare thy ſelf, and do not die.
One Friend entreats, a ſecond weeps, a third
Cries, Your Petition wants the other word:
I'l write it for you, ſaith a fourth; Your Life,
Your Life, Sir, cries a fifth, Pity your Wife,
And the Babe in her: Thus this Diamonds cut
By Diamonds only, and to terror put.
Methinks I hear him ſtill, You wound my heart;
Good Friends, forbear; for every word's a Dart:
'Tis cruel pity, thus I do profeſs,
You'ld love me more, if you did love me leſs:

Friends,

Friends, Children, Wife, Life, all are dear, I know;
But all's too dear, if I ſhould buy them ſo.
Thus, like a rock that routs the waves, he ſtands,
And ſnaps aſunder, *Sampſon*-like, theſe bands.

ACT. IV.

The Day is come, the Priſoner longs to go,
And chides the ling'ring Sun for tarrying ſo:
Which bluſhing ſeems to anſwer from the Sky,
That it was loth to ſee a Martyr dye.
Methinks I heard beheaded Saints above
Call to each other, Sirs, Make room for *LOVE*.
Who when he came to tread the fatal Stage,
(Which prov'd his Glory, and his Enemies rage)
His Blood ne'er run t'his heart, Chriſts Blood was there
Reviving it, his own was all to ſpare:
Which riſing in his Cheeks, did ſeem to ſay,
Is this the Blood you thirſt for? Tak't, I pray.
Spectators in his Looks ſuch Life did ſee,
That they appear'd more like to die than he.
But oh his Speech! methinks I hear it ſtill;
It raviſh'd Friends, and did his Enemies kill:
His keener Words did their ſharp Ax exceed;
That made his head, but he their hearts, to bleed:
Which he concluded with ſoft Prayer, and ſo
The Lamb lay down, and took the Butchers blow:
His Soul makes Heav'n ſhine brighter by a Star,
And now we're ſure there's one Saint *Chriſtopher*

ACT. V.

LOVE lies a bleeding, and the World ſhall ſee
Heav'n act a part in this black Tragedie.
The Sun no ſooner ſpy'd the Head o'th' floor,
But he pull'd in his own, and look'd no more.
The Clouds, which ſcattered, and in colours were,
Met all together, and in black appear:
Light'nings, which fill'd the Air with blazing light,
Did ſerve for Torches at that diſmal Night:
In which, and all next day, for many hours,
Heav'n groan'd in Thunder, & did weep in Showrs.
Nor do I wonder, that God thundred ſo,
When's *Boanerges* murdred lay below: (*Keeble*,
The High Court trembled, *Prideaux*, *Bradſhaw*,
And all the guilty Rout, look'd pale and feeble.
Timerous *Jenkins*, and cold-hearted *Drake*,
Hold out, you need no baſe Petitions make:
Your Enemies thus Thunder-ſtruck, no doubt,
Will be beholding to you to go out.
But if you will recant, now thundring Heaven
Such Approbation to *Love*'s cauſe hath given,
I'll add but this; Your Conſciences perhaps,
Ere long, ſhall feel far greater Thunder-claps.

The Epilogue.

But ſtay, my Muſe grows fearful too, and muſt
Beg that theſe Lines be buried with thy Duſt:
Shelter, bleſs'd *Love*, this verſe within thy Shroud,
For none but Heav'n dares take thy part aloud.
The Author begs this, leſt, if it be known,
Whilſt he bewails thy Head, he loſe his own.

R. W.

UPON

UPON

The much to be Lamented

DEATH

OF THE

Reverend Mr. *Vines.*

ART thou gone too (thou great & gallant mind)
And muſt ſuch Sneaks as I be left behind?
If thus our Horſemen and Commanders die,
What can the Infantry do then but fly?
Oh Divine *Vines*! tell us, why wouldſt thou go,
Unleſs thou couldſt have left thy Parts below?
If there's a *Metempſuchoſis* indeed,
Tell us where we may find thee at our need?
Who hath thy Memory? thy Brain? thy Heart?
Whom didſt thou leave thy Tongue? (for every part
Of thee can make a Man.) What if we find
(As I'l not ſwear this Age wo'nt change her mind)
Prelacy (though her Lands are ſold) revive?
Or *Independency* (who hopes to thrive,

No

No where ſuits Trump) ſhould dare diſpute at length?
Where haſt thou left thy *Presbyterian* Strength,
With which thou got'ſt the Game in th' Iſle of *Wight*,
Where the King cry'd that *Vines* was in the right?
When *Eſſex* dy'd (the Honour of our Nation)
Thou gav'ſt him a new life in thy Oration.
But when great *Fairfax* to his Fate ſhall yield,
Whom haſt thou left --- to fetch from *Naſeby*-field
Th' Immortal Turf, and dreſs it with a Story,
That ſhall perpetuate his name and glory?
Where's thy rich Fancy (man?) To whom (beneath)
Didſt thou thy lofty and high ſtrain bequeath?
Tell us for thy own ſake; for none but he
That hath thy Wit, can write thy Elegie.
Till he be found, let this ſuffice, which I
Leave on thy Stone: ---- *Here lies the Miniſtry.*

R. W.

TO THE MEMORY OF Mr. *Jeremy Whitaker*,

Powerful in Prayer and Preaching, Pious in Life, Patient in Sickneſs, *&c.*

NAy, now forbear; for pity ſake give o're,
You that would make the Clergy none, or poor:
We are made miſerable enough this year,
That we have loſt our Reverend *Whitaker*;
Loſs above Deans and Chapters! had but he
Liv'd ſtill and preach'd: *Ziba* take all (for me.)
Nay I believe had ſacrilegious hands
Finger'd our poor remains of Tithes and Lands,
Whil'ſt he ſurviv'd they had but pray'd in vain,
Whitaker would have pray'd them back again,

As

As *Luther* did a young mans Soul repeal,
Giv'n to the Devil under Hand and Seal,
A Chariot and an Horſeman we have loſt,
In whoſe each ſingle Pray'r incamp'd an Hoſt.
How have I heard him on ſome ſolemn Day,
When doubtful War could make all *London* pray)
Mount up to Heav'n with armed cries and tears,
And rout, as far as *York*, the Cavaliers!
Have you not ſeen an early-riſing Lark
Spring from her Turf, making the Sun her mark,
Shooting her ſelf aloft, yet higher, higher,
Till ſhe had ſung her ſelf into Heaven's Quire?
Thus would he riſe in Pray'r, and in a trice
His Soul become a Bird of Paradiſe:
And if our faint Devotions Prayers be,
What can we call his leſs than Extaſie?

On his Preaching.

If with the Almighty he prevailed ſo,
Wonder not that he Wonders wrought below:
The Son of Conſolation and of Thunder
Met both in him, in others are aſunder.
He was (like *Luke*) Phyſitian of both kinds,
Wrought Cures upon Mens Bodies and their Minds,
The Falling-ſickneſs of Apoſtacy,
Dropſie of Drunkenneſs, Prides Tympany,
The Meagrim of Opinions, new or old,
Palſie of Unbelief, Charities cold,

Lusts burning Fever, Angers Calenture,
The Collick in the Conscience he could cure:
Set the souls broken bones; by holy Art
He hath dissolv'd the Stone in many a Heart,
Harder than that he dy'd of------O come in,
Ye multitudes whom he hath heal'd of sin,
And thereby made his Debtors----Pay him now
Some of those tears which he laid out for you;
Interest-tears, I mean; for should you all
Weep over him both Use and Principal,
'Twould wash away the Stone (which covers him)
And make his Coffin (like an Ark) to swim.
Now wipe thine eyes (my Muse) & stop thy Verse,
(Thy Ink can only serve to black his Hearse,)
Yet (stay) I'll drop one Tear, sigh one sigh more,
'Tis this, although my Poetry be poor
O what a mighty Prophet should I be,
Had this *Elijah*'s Mantle fain to me!
Oh might I live his Life! I'd be content
His sore Diseases to should me torment:
And if his Patience could mine become,
I would not be afraid of Martyrdome.

R. W.

UPON THE

DEATH

OF

So many Reverend Miniſters of late.

STill we do find, Black cloth wears out the firſt;
And fruits that are the choiceſt keep the worſt.
Such men? So many? and they die ſo faſt?
They'r precious(death)oh do not make ſuch waſte.
Scarce have we dry'd our eyes for loſs of one,
But in comes tidings that another's gone.
Oh that I had my former Tears agen,
(All but thoſe few laid out upon my ſin,)
Had I an *Helicon* in either Eye,
I have occaſion now to verſe them dry.
Triumph (licentious Age) lift up thy Song,
Presbytery ſha'nt trouble you ere long;
Thoſe that tormented you before your day,
Are now apace removing out o'th' way.
Yea, rather tremble (*England*) ſtand agaſt,
To ſee thy glorious Lamps go out ſo faſt;

When

When Death (like *Sampſon*) thus lays hold upon
The Pillars of the Church,---The Building's gone.
When we do ſee ſo many Stars to fall,
Surely, it boads the World's great Funeral.
London, look to't, and think what Heav'n is doing,
Thy Flames are coming when thy *Lots* are going.
Well may we all fear God intendeth Wars,
When he commands home his Embaſſadors.
That Venerable Synod, which of late
Was made the Object of Mens Scorn and Hate,
(For want of Copes and Mitres, not of Graces)
Are now call'd up (with *Moſes*) and their Faces
When they return, ſhall ſhine; God ſees it fit,
Such an Aſſembly ſhould in Glory ſit.
The learned *Twiſſe* went firſt, (it was his right)
Then holy *Palmer*, *Borroughs*, *Love*, *Gouge*, *White*,
Hill, *Whitaker*, grave *Gataker*, and *Strong*,
Pern, *Marſhal*, *Robinſon*, all gone along.
I have not nam'd them half: their only ſtrife
Hath been (of late) who ſhould firſt part with Life.
Thoſe few who yet ſurvive, ſick of this Age,
Long to have done their parts, and leave the Stage.
Our Engliſh *Luther*, *Vines*, (whoſe Death I weep)
Stole away (and ſaid nothing) in a Sleep:
Sweet (like a Swan) he preach'd that day he went,
And for his Cordial took a Sacrament:
Had it but been ſuſpected---- he would die,
His People ſure had ſtop'd him with their Cry.
My blear-ey'd Muſe (tis tears have made her ſo)
Muſt waſh his Marble too, before ſhe go.

AN

ELOGY

UPON THE

Earl of Eſſex

HIS

FUNERAL.

AND are theſe all the Rites that muſt be done
Thrice Noble *ESSEX*, *Englands* Champion?
Some Men, ſome Walls, ſome Horſes put in black,
With the Throng ſcrambling for Sweet-meats and (Sack;
A gawdy Herald, and a Velvet Hearſe,
A tattar'd Anagram with grievous Verſe,
And a ſad Sermon to conclude withall,
Shall this be ſtil'd great *ESSEX*'s Funeral?

Nigardly

Niggardly Nation, be aſham'd of th' odds,
Leſs Valour among Heathen made men gods:
Should ſuch a General have dy'd in *Rome*,
He muſt have had an Altar, not a Tomb;
And there, in ſtead of youthful Elegies,
Grave Senators had offer'd Sacrifice
To Divine *Devereux*: O for a Vote,
(Ye Lords and Commons, ye are bound to do't)
A Vote, that who is ſeen to ſmile this year,
A Vote, that who ſo brings not in a Tear,
Shall be adjudg'd Malignant: It were wiſe
T'erect an Office in the Peoples Eyes,
For iſſuing forth a conſtant ſum of Tears,
There's no way elſe to pay him his Arrears:
And when w'have drein'd this Ages eyes quite dry,
Let him be wept the next in Hiſtory;
Which if Poſterity ſhall dare to doubt,
Then *Gloſters* whiſp'ring Walls ſhall ſpeak him out:
And ſo his Funeral ſhall not be done,
Till he return i'th' Reſurrection.

To the Father of a very vertuous Virgin, Deceaſed; who deſired an obſcure Perſon to make an Elegy, *&c.*

SIr, Be advis'd; She's not your Daughter now,
But a crown'd Saint in Heav'ns great Court, and
Muſt take heed what you offer to her Shrine; (you
You'l be profane, if that be not Divine.
Sternhold (who kill'd the *Pſalms*, and *David* too
In Meeter and good meaning) did not do
More Violence to Heav'n, than you to her,
If, whil'ſt you think't a kindneſs, you ſhall blur
Her Honour with my Ink: 'tis a diſgrace
To ſet black Spots upon a glorious Face.
Diſdain will burſt her Coffin (ſure) to have
Such dirty Feet as mine ſtand on her Grave.
Beſides, 'tis niggardly to weep in Verſe,
Tears without meaſure beſt become her Hearſe,
The talking Book is ſhallow, ſtill we ſee
Great Sorrows, like deep Rivers, ſilent be.
Were I *Apollo's* Prieſt indeed, and fit
To ſend a Poem up in flames of Wit,

Yet

Yet I'm but one; Sir, to her Altar's due
Whole Hecatombs of Verſe, and Poets too.
Go ſearch S. *Pauls* Church-yard, imploy choice eies
To ſcan all Epitaphs and Elegies;
All the rich Fancies, ſacred Raptures, all
The Pearly drops which ever yet did fall
On ſpotleſs Virgins Tombs: then make your claim,
Print and devote them to your Daughters name.
Thoſe vaſt *Hyperboles*, thoſe lofty Notes,
Which crackt the Muſes Voices, rent their throats,
Offended ſcrup'lous Readers, made them think
Poetry only ſtrong Lines, and ſtrong Drink,
Allayed by her merit, ſoon will be
Reduc'd to ſober Truth, and Modeſty,
But ſtay, this counſel is but ſimple ſtuff,
(*Englands* Divine) *Reynolds* hath done enough:
His Sermon is her Monument in print,
And hath more Honour than all Poems in't,
That doth not only ſpeak her Saint, and more,
Can make him one too, who but reads it o're.
Reynolds records her Saint, and you may hope
That's more than canonizing by a Pope.

IN MEMORY

Of Mris *E. T.*

Who dyed *April* 7. 1659.

IT was the Spring, and Flowers were in conteſt,
Whoſe ſmels ſhould firſt reach Heav'n, and pleaſe it beſt;
Then did *Eliza*'s ſweetneſs ſo ſurpaſs
All Rival Virgins, that ſhe ſent for was.
'Twas *April* when ſhe dy'd; no Month ſo fit
For Heav'n to be a mourner in, as it.
'Twas *Eaſter* too; that time did Death deviſe
Beſt for this Lamb to be a Sacrifice.
It was the Spring; The way 'twixt Heav'n & Earth
Was ſweetned for her paſſage, by the Birth
Of early Flowers, which burſt their Mothers womb,
Reſolv'd to live and die upon her Tomb.
It was the Spring; Between the Earth and Sky,
To pleaſe her Soul as it was paſſing by,

Birds

Birds fill'd the Air with Anthems, every neſt
Was on the Wing, to chaunt her to her Reſt:
Not a Pen-feathered Lark, who ne'er try'd Wing,
Nor Throat; but ventur'd then to fly, and ſing:
Following the Saint towards Heav'n, whoſe entrance there
Dampt them, and chang'd their Notes. The penſive Air
Diſſolv'd to tears, which ſpoil'd the feather'd Train
And ſunk them to their neſts with grief again.
Mean time, me thought, I ſaw at Heav'ns fair Gate
The glorious Virgins meet, and kiſs their Mate.
They ſtood a while her Beauty to admire
Then led her to her place in their own Quire;
Which ſeem'd to be defective, untill ſhe
Added her Sweetneſs to their Harmony.
As Meddals ſcatter'd when ſome Prince goes by,
So lay the Stars that night about the Sky.
The Milky Way too, (ſince ſhe paſt it o're)
Methinks looks whiter than it was before.

AN

EPITAPH

Upon *E. T.*

READER, didſt thou but know what ſacred Duſt
Thou tread'ſt upon, thou'dſt judg thy ſelf un-
Shouldſt thou neglect a ſhowr of tears to pay, (juſt
To waſh the Sin of thy own Feet away.
That Actor in the Play, who looking down
When he ſhould cry, *O Heav'n* ----was thought a
And guilty of a Solœciſm---might have (Clown,
Applauſe for ſuch an Action o're this Grave.
Here lies a piece of Heav'n, and Heav'n one day
Will ſend the beſt in Heav'n to fetch't away.
Truth is, this Lovely Virgin from her Birth
Became a conſtant ſtrife 'twixt Heav'n and Earth:
Both claim'd her, pleaded for her; either cry'd,
The Child is mine; at length they did divide:
Heav'n took her Soul; The Earth her Corps did
Yet not in Fee, ſhe only holds by Leaſe; (ſeize,
With this Proviſo----when the Judge ſhall call,
Earth ſhall give up her ſhare, and Heav'n have all.

UPON

UPON
The Learned Works of the
Reverend DIVINE
Ed. Reynolds, D. D.

READER, who e'er thou art, here thou mayst find,
Within these *Works*, a rare, rich, glorious Mind
Of Golden Precepts, which, alike, do shew
What's thy Distemper how to cure it too:
Do pains oppress thy Body? Sorrow Mind?
Draw near to God, Pray'r will acceptance find;
And then no doubt, he'll grant, thy Bodies Grief
May bring thy sinking soul some small Relief.
Do Passions over-top thy Will? beware,
Virtue consists not in so high a Sphere:
If thou the Golden *Medium* wilt find,
Shun thou too high, and too too low a mind. (fly,
Pleasures are gilded Nothings, which like bubbles
Swoln big with Emptiness so burst and dye.
Do darkest times of ignorance draw near?
The rather view these weighty Lines: nor fear,
Nor wonder much at this resplendent Light:
Diamonds shine brightest in the darkest night.

The

The Merchant-man ſold all he had, to buy
The rich, rare, Goſpel Jewel: O then why
Art thou ſo backward, ſince that thou mayſt make
This Gem thine own, yea, at a cheaper rate?
The fooliſh Virgins, when their Lord of Light
Paſt by, their lights were out: So that eternal night
Was their reward, and juſt; for they that deem
Pains coſt of greater worth, ſhall ne'er be ſeen
Within his Courts, who is great, good, and juſt.
Is Folly thus repaid? Reader, we muſt
Look that it ne'er be ſaid of thee or I,
That our Neglect ſhould cauſe our light to die.

R. W.

LOOK

LOok wiſhly (friend) thou ſeldom ſeeſt ſuch men
Heav'n drops ſuch Jewels down but now and (then,
One in an Age, or Nation: oh 'tis rare,
Two *Reynoldſes* ſhould fall to *Englands* ſhare!
Could *Rome* but ſhew one ſuch, and this were He,
His Picture could not ſcape Idolatry:
Whom Papiſts (not with Superſtitious Fire)
Would dare t' adore, we juſtly may admire.

R. W.

Aliud

Aliud.

LEarning, whoſe Forces did diſperſed lie,
(Of late Alarum'd by the Enemy)
Calling a Councel, did reſolve, at length,
To chuſe one General over all her ſtrength:
Divinity (who had the choice) did name
Reynolds; All Voices centred in the ſame.
Now here he ſtands, and heads ſuch Books as bear
Truth in their Van, and Triumph in their Rear.

R. W.

A Letter to a Friend.

Generous Sir,

ON Saturday laſt (the Day and Weather being as ſad and dumpiſh as old *Saturn* himſelf) whileſt I was in my Study (my Books and my ſelfe muſty and melancholy) and my proviſions for the next Day as poor as ever were made by Countrey Curate, ſometimes ſcratching that which goes for my Head, and then biting my Nails for offending my Noddle; In comes your Friendly Letter (the welcomeſt Quarter-maſter that ever came to my Houſe) to take up Quarters for that gallant Mans Works (and if ever Good Works merited, they do) Doctor *Reynolds*. Sir, They no ſooner entred my Study----but all my Books ſeemed to diſappear, as the Stars do at the riſing of the Sun: You cannot imagine what fear, ſhame, confuſion, and envy, my poor Shelves diſcovered; Some poor Authors ſtood gaſping-----others tumbled down, and others burſt their Bindings----reſolving to break Priſon, rather than ſtand before ſuch a Judge of Learning. Thoſe few Fathers (which I had) ſeemed to meet in a Councel, what they ſhould do, whether ſtay or depart. Old *Origen* began, but he was ſo full of Allegories,

Allegories, and whimſeys, they could not tell what to ſay to him; but ſure he and they all were troubled, for fear (good men) that they ſhould now be ejected in their old Age. *Juſtin* thought that he ſhould again be a Martyr, and burnt to light Tobacco. *Tertullian* began to make Apologies; and *Auſtin* himſelfe fell to his Confeſſions and Retractations. As for *Hierom*, as good a Scholar as he was, he wiſhed himſelf again on his Pilgrimage: and my poor Country-man *Bede* got into a corner, and fell to his Beeds. On another ſhelf (for I have not many) my School men looked like Schoolboys, and ſtood with their ſtrings untied, ready untruſſed for Correction. *Aquinas* himſelf wiſhed he had not ſuch ſummes to reckon for; and all the Popiſh Authours I had fell to croſſing themſelves. But what a caſe (if my ſtout Folioes and old Authors fainted thus) do you think my Infantry---my Modern men, my Quarto and Octavo Striplings were in? Yea, ſome of our own Engliſh (men of many Editions, & worthy to be bound and gilded) gave back, and thruſt one another: *Dod* and *Clever* were both ſilenced; Doctor *Preſtons* All-ſufficiency pleaded Inſufficiency——— *Thomas Goodwin* pulled his Caps in his Eyes, and became a Child of Light in Darkneſs---As for *John Goodwin*, he lookt for a General Redemption of them all; but his Subſizer, poor *Pierce*, was afraid, at the Doctors coming in, that he, and his corrected Copy, ſhould be again ſent to the Houſe of Correction. As

for

for my Pamphlets and traſh, they crouded together; and having no manner of Cover for themſelves, many of them wiſh'd *Giles Calvert* hang'd for Printing them, and themſelves burn'd out of the way. Thus, Sir, It was with my Study: But for my ſelf, oh how I was revived and raviſh'd! No ſooner did that Book, big with Chriſt, enter and ſalute me (pardon the alluſion) but my heart, like *John* in his Mothers belly, leap'd for joy. No ſooner did I open, and taſt the Honey, but mine Eyes were enlightned, and I mended in an inſtant. The Vanity of the Creature made me ſerious, the Sinfulneſs of Sin humbled me, the Life of Chriſt quickned me; the 110 *Pſalm* made me ſing, the Lords Supper feaſted me, ---- the Prophet *Hoſea* inſpired me, and the Paſſions exceedingly affected me. What ſhall I ſay, or do? I cannot hold, but muſt fall out of trotting heavy Proſe into an amble of Rhyming ——

From a kind Hand there came t' enrich a place
In my poor Study, ---- the rare Works and Face
Of Learned Reverend Reynolds *---- I receive*
The Book with joy --but no Gift (by your leave)
And for the Book, and for my ſelf, I vow
I ne're had Piece could make me Preach till now:
I'll pay for't (Sir) And -- (which I ne'er ſhall do)
When I can write ſuch ---- you ſhall print them too.
Mean time I propheſie, this Volume will
Make both your Roſe *and* Crown *to flowriſh ſtill.*

Sir, accept and pardon this traſh,——next Term I ſhall be in *London*, and then perſonally prove what I now ſet my Hand to —(*viz.*) That I am

Yours moſt Cordially,

R. W.

ALAS

Alas poor Scholar, Whither wilt thou go?

OR

Strange Alterations which at this time be,
There's many did think they never ſhould ſee.

IN a Melancholy Study,
None but my ſelf,
Methought my Muſe grew muddy;
After ſeven years Reading,
And coſtly breeding,
I felt, but could find no pelf:
Into Learned Rags
I've rent my Pluſh and Satten,
And now am fit to beg
In *Hebrew*, *Greek*, and *Latin*;
In ſteed of *Ariſtotle*,
Would I had got a Patten.
Alas poor Scholar! whither wilt thou go?

Cambridge now I muſt leave thee,
And follow Fate,
Colledge hopes do deceive me;
I oft expected
To have been elected,
But Deſert is reprobate.
Maſters of Colledges
Have no common Graces,
And they that have Fellowſhips
Have but common Places,
And thoſe that Scholars are
They muſt have handſom faces:
Alas poor Scholar, whither wilt thou go?

I have bow'd, I have bended,
And all in hope
One day to be befriended.
I have preach'd, I have printed
What e'er I hinted,
To pleaſe our *Engliſh* Pope:
I worſhip'd towards the Eaſt,
But the Sun doth now forſake me?
I find that I am falling,
The Northern winds do ſhake me:
Would I had been upright,
For Bowing now will break me:
Alas poor Scholar, whither wilt thou go?

At great Preferment I aimed,
Witneſs my Silk;
But now my hopes are maimed:
I looked lately
To live moſt ſtately,
And have a Dairy of Bell-ropes Milk;
But now alas,
My ſelf I muſt not flatter,
Bigamy of Steeples
Is a Laughing matter;
Each man muſt have but one,
And Curates will grow fatter.
Alas poor Scholar, whither wilt thou go?

Into ſome Country Village
Now I muſt go,
Where neither Tythe nor Tillage
The greedy Patron
And parched Matron
Swear to the Church they owe:
Yet if I can Preach,
And pray too on a ſudden,
And confute the Pope
At adventure, without ſtudying,
Then ten pounds a year,
Beſides a Sunday Pudding.

All the Arts I have skill in,
Divine and Humane,
Yet all's not worth a Shilling;
When the Women hear me
They do but jeer me,
And say, I am profane:
Once, I remember,
I preached with a Weaver,
I quoted *Austin.*
He quoted *Dod* and *Clever*;
I nothing got,
He got a Cloak and Beaver:
Alas poor Scholar, whither wilt thou go?

Ships, Ships, Ships, I discover,
Crossing the Main;
Shall I in, and go over,
Turn Jew, or Atheist,
Turk, or Papist,
To *Geneva*, or *Amsterdam?*
Bishopricks are void
In *Scotland*, shall I thither?
Or follow *Windebank*
And *Finch*, to see if either
Do want a Priest to shrive them?
O no, 'tis blust'ring weather.
Alas poor Scholar, whither wilt thou go?

Ho, ho, ho, I have hit it,
Peace good-man Fool;
Thou haſt a Trade will fit it;
Draw thy Indenture,
Be bound at adventure
An Apprentice to a Free-School;
There thou mayſt command
By *William Lylies* Charter;
There thou mayſt whip, ſtrip,
And hang, and draw, and quarter,
And commit to the Red Rod
Both *Will*, and *Tom*, and *Arthur*.
I, I, 'tis thither, thither will I go.

R. W.

THE

Norfolk and *Wisbich*

COCK-FIGHT.

By *R. W.*

GO you tame Gallants, you that have a Name,
And would accounted be Cocks of the Game;
That have brave Spurs to ſhew for't, and can crow,
And count all Dunghil-breed, that cannot ſhow
Such painted plumes as yours; which think't no vice
With Cock-like luſt to tread your Cockatrice;
Though Peacocks, Weather-cocks, Woodcocks you be,
If y'are not Fighting Cocks, y'are not for me.
I of two feathered Combatants ſhall write;
And he that means to th' life to expreſs their Fight,
Muſt make his Ink the blood which they did ſpill,
And from their dying Wings muſt take his Quill.
No ſooner were the doubtfull People ſet,
The Match made up, and all that would had bet;
But ſtraight the skilful Judges of the Play
Brought forth their ſharp-heel'd Warriors; & they
Were both in Linnen Bags, as if 'twere meet
Before they dy'd, to have their Winding-ſheet.

Into

Into the Pit they'r brought, and being there
Upon the Stage, the *Norfolk* Chanticleer
Looks ſtoutly at his ne'er-before-ſeen Foe,
And like a Challenger began to crow,
And clap his Wings, as if he would diſplay
His Warlike colours, which were black and gray.
Mean time the wary *Wisbich* walks and breathes
His active Body, and in fury wreaths
His comely Creſt; and often looking down,
He beats his angry Beak upon the ground.
This done, they meet, not like that coward Breed
Of *Æſope*'s; theſe can better fight then feed:
They ſcorn the Dunghil; 'tis their only prize
To dig for Pearls within each others Eyes.
They fought ſo nimbly, that 'twas hard to know,
To th' skilful, whether they did fight or no;
If that the blood which dy'd the fatal floor,
Had not born witneſs of't. Yet fought they more,
As if each wound were but a Spur to prick
Their fury forward. Lightnings not more quick
Or red, then were their Eyes: 'Twas hard to know
Whether 'twas blood, or anger made them ſo.
I'm ſure they had been out, had they not ſtood
More ſafe, being walled in each others blood.
Thus they vy'd blows; but yet, alas, at length,
Although their courage were ful tri'd, their ſtrength
And blood began to ebb. You that have ſeen
A Watry Combat on the Sea, between
Two angry-roaring-boiling Billows, how
They march, and meet, and daſh their curled brow;

Swelling

Swelling like graves, as though they did intend
T' intomb each other, ere the quarrel end;
But when the wind is down, and bluſtring weather,
They are made *friends*, & *ſweetly* run together; (low
May think theſe Champions ſuch: their blood grows
And they which leap'd but now, now ſcarce can go;
For having left th' advantage of the Heel,
Drunk with each others blood, they only reel;
And yet they would fain fight: they came ſo near,
Methought they meant into each others ear
To whiſper wounds; and when they could not riſe,
They lay and look'd blows int' each others eyes.
But now the Tragick part! After this fit,
When *Norfolk* Cock had got the beſt of it,
And *Wisbich* lay a dying, ſo that none,
Though ſober, but might venture ſeven to one,
Contracting, like a dying Taper, all
His ſtrength, intending with the blow to fall,
He ſtruggles up, and having taken wind,
Ventures a blow, and ſtrikes the other blind.
And now poor *Norfolk*, having loſt his Eyes,
Fights guided only by Antipathies:
With him, alas! the Proverb is not true,
The blows his Eyes ne'er ſaw, his heart muſt rue.
At laſt, by chance, he ſtumbling on his Foe,
Not having any ſtrength to give a blow,
He falls upon him with his wounded Head,
And makes his Conquerors wings his Feather-bed.
His friends ran in, and being very chary,
Sent in all haſte to call a Pothecary:

But

But all in vain, his body did ſo blifter,
That 'twas not capable of any Clyſter.
Phyſick's in vain, and 'twill not him reſtore;
Alas poor Cock, he was let blood before.
Then finding himſelf weak, op'ning his Bill,
He calls a Scrivener, and thus makes his Will;
Imp. Firſt of all, let never be forgot,
My Body freely I bequeath to th' Pot,
Decently to be boyl'd; and for its Tomb,
Let it be buried in ſome hungry Womb,
Item, For Executors I'll have none,
But he that on my ſide laid ſeven to one;
And, like a Gentleman that he may live,
To him, and to his Heirs, my Comb I give,
Together with my Brains, that all may know,
That oftentimes his Brains did uſe to crow.
Item, For Comfort of thoſe Weaker ones
Whoſe wives complain of, let them have my Stones;
For Ladies that are light, it is my Will,
My Feathers make a Fan. And for my Bill,
I'll give a Taylor: But 'faith tis ſo ſhort,
I am afraid, he'll rather curſe me for't.
And for that worthy Doctor's ſake, who meant
To give me a Clyſter, let my Rump be ſent.
Laſtly, becauſe I find my ſelf decay,
I yield, and give to *Wisbich* Cock the Day.

R. W.

UPON

UPON THE

DEATH

OF

Dennis Bond, Esq;

Who died four Days before the

LORD PROTECTOR.

NOw whil'st *Whitehall* wears Black, and men do fear
Tis Treason any Colour else to wear;
Whilst Mourners, like a flock of Crows, resort
To the great Lion's Carcase, at the Court;
Whilst the sad Members of the Tother House
(That Mountain wch last year brought forth a Mouse)
Lament his Fall, who Madam'd all their Wives,
And *Thurloe* wishes he had had nine Lives;
Whilst some lament, he dy'd without an Ax,
And fear the Funeral will cost a Tax;
Whilst cunning *Scotland* counterfeits a Groan,
And *Ireland* cudgell'd into her *A hone*;

Whilst

Whilſt *England* puts her Finger in her Eye,
And *Welchmen* uſe their Leeks to make them cry;
Whilſt Grief doth chime All-in, and every Tribe
Eycleped, Mayor and Aldermen, ſubſcribe
(Or make their Marks at leaſt) how full of Sadneſs
That *Oliver* is dead, and eke of gladneſs
That *Richard* reigns! though the Slaves lie, I fear,
For their old Gowns are lin'd with Cavalier:
Whilſt the ſad Poetaſters of the times
Plaiſter the Hearſe with miſerable Rhymes,
And I, poor Man, might mend my Fortune too,
As ſure as ever Lord *Hewſon* mended Shoo,
If I could baſte my Muſe, and make her go:
I, by that great Ghoſts leave, am well content
To wait upon a meaner Monument;
Yet fit to ſtand by this, if not above,
As having, though leſs Pomp, yet no leſs Love;
'Tis *Dennis Bond*, that true bred *Engliſh* Squire,
Whoſe worth, if my rude Fancy ſhould aſpire
To reach the Sinews; juſt, pious, valiant, wiſe,
Able for Counſel or for Enterprize;
Fit to ſet *Cato* Copies, if alive,
Able to make a Bankrupt Nation thrive;
Th' Alchimy of whoſe ſingle Judgement could
Convert a Leaden Councel into Gold.
Atlas of State! oh! if King *Charls* that's gone,
In ſtead of *Digby* and old *Cottington*,
Had had one *Dennis*; he had ſtood till now,
And kept the Crown faſt on his Royal Brow.

Cromwel

Cromwel could not out-live him; ſo our State
In one week loſt their Pilot, and his Mate:
And though he di'd in's Bed, tis not deny'd;
Yet was his Head ſtruck off when *Dennis* di'd.
Adieu, brave *Bond*! My aged Muſe ſhall burn
Her with'red Lawrel at thy ſacred Urn.
Live thine own Monument, and ſcorn a Stone;
Marbles themſelves have flaws, thy Name has none.
That plat of Earth which graſps thee in her womb,
Proud of ſuch Treaſure, ſwells into a Tomb.
When the next Parliament together come,
And miſs their Weſtern Patriot from his room,
Deſpairing that their Meeting will not ſpeed,
Grief will diſſolve them, no Protector need.

R. W.

Upon

Upon ſome Bottles of Sack *and* Claret, *laid in Sand, and covered with a Sheet.*

ENter, and ſee this Tomb (Sirs) do not fear,
No Spirits, but of Wine, will fright you here:
Weep o're this Tomb, your Sorrows here may have
Wine for their ſweet Companions in this Grave.
A dozen *Shakeſpears* here interr'd do lie;
Two dozen *Johnſons* full of Poetry.
Did not the Mother-Hogſhead, from whoſe womb
Theſe Babes ſprang forth, burſt when ſhe ſaw this Tomb,
And ſwell with grief? Did not the Butler ſink,
To ſee himſelf turn Sexton to his Drink?
'Twere commendable Sacriledge, no doubt,
Could I come at your Grave, to ſteal you out:
Howe'er, from this thy anxious Grave I will
Some virtuous Aſhes take, wherewith I'll fill
The Glaſs I preach by; for I muſt be juſt,
There lies Divinity within thy Duſt.
Unhappy Grape, could not one preſſing do,
But now alive you muſt be buried too?
Sleep on, but ſcorn to die, immortal Liquor;
The burying of thee thus will make thee quicker:
Mean while thy Friends pray loud, that thou maiſt have
A ſpeedy Reſurrection from thy Grave,

AN

ESSAY

Upon the late *VICTORY* obtained by

His Royal Highneſs the Duke of York,

Againſt the DUTCH, upon *June* 3. 1665.

By the Author of *Iter Boreale.*

GOUT! I conjure thee by the powerful Names
Of *CHARLES* and *JAMES*, and their victorious Fames,
On this great Day ſet all thy Priſoners free,
(Triumphs command a Goal-Delivery)
Set them all free, leave not a limping Toe
From my *Lord Chancellors* to mine below;
Unleſs thou giv'ſt us leave this day to dance,
Thou'rt not th' old Loyal Gout, but com'ſt from *France.*
'Tis done, my grief obeys the Sovereign Charms,
I feel a Bonfire in my joynts, which warms
And thaws the frozen jelly; I am grown
Twenty years younger; Victory hath done
What puzled Phyſick: Give the *Dutch* a Rout,
Probatum eſt, 'twill cure an *Engliſh* Gout.

Come

Come then, put nimble Socks upon my Feet,
They ſhall be *Skippers* to our *Royal Fleet*,
Which now returns in dances on our Seas,
A Conqueror above *Hyperbole's*.
A Sea which with *Bucephalus* doth ſcorn
Leſs then an *Alexander* ſhould be born
On her proud Back; but to a Loyal Rein
Yields ſoaming Mouth, and bends her curled Main:
And conſcious that ſhe is too ſtrait a Stage
For *Charles* to act on, ſwell'd with Loyal Rage,
Urgeth the *Belgick* and the *Gallick* ſhore
To yield more room, Her Maſter muſt have more.
Ingrateful Neighbours! 'twas our kinder Iſle,
With Her own Blood, made Your *Geneva* Stile
Writ in ſmall Print [Poor States and ſore Perplext:]
Swell to the [*HIGH AND MIGHTY LORDS*] in
And can ye be ſuch Snakes to ſting that Breaſt, [text;
Which in your Winter gave you Warmth & Reſt?
Poor *Flemiſh Frogs*, if Your Ambition thirſt
To ſwell to *Engliſh* Greatneſs, You will burſt.
Could you believe Our Royal Head would fail
To Nod thoſe down, who fell before our Tail?
Or could Your *Amſterdam* by her commands,
Make *London* carry Coals to warm her Hands?
A bold Attempt! Pray practice it no more;
We ſav'd our Coals, yet gave you fire good ſtore.
It is enough; The righteous Heavens have now
Judg'd the Grand Quarrel betwixt us and you.
The Sentence is --- The Surface muſt be ours,
But for the bottom of the Sea 'tis yours:

Thither your *Opdam* with ſome thouſands, are
Gone down to take poſſeſſion of your ſhare.
Methinks I here great *Triton* ſound a Call,
And through th' affrighted Ocean ſummon all
His ſcaly Regiments, to come and take (make;
Part of that *Feaſt* which *Charles* Their King doth
Where they may glut Revenge, quit the old ſcore,
And feed on thoſe who fed on them before;
Whom when they have digeſted, who can find
Whether they're fiſh, or fleſh, or what's their Kind?
Van-Cod, *Van-Ling*, *Van-Herring* will be cry'd
About their Streets; All Fiſh, ſo *Dutchified*.
The States may find their *Capers* in their Diſh,
And meet their *Admirals* in Butter'd Fiſh.
Thus they'l imbody and increaſe their Crew;
A cunning way to make each Dutch-man two.
And on themſelves they now muſt feed or faſt;
Their Herring Trade is brought unto its *Laſt*.

To the KING.

GReat Sir, Belov'd of God and Man, admit
My Loyal zeal to run before my Wit.
This is my Pens miſcarriage, not a Birth;
Her haſte hath made her bring blind Puppies forth,
My aims in this attempt, are to provoke,
And kindle flames more Noble by my ſmoak;

My

My wiſp of Straw may ſet great Wood on Fire,
And my weak Breath Your Organs may inſpire.
Amongſt thoſe Flags y' have taken from the Dutch,
Command your *Denham* to hang up his Crutch:
He is a man both of his Hands and Feet,
And with great numbers can your Navy meet,
His quicker Eye Your Conqueſt can ſurvey; [Bay
His Hand, *York*'s Temples Crown with flouriſhing
Waller (great *Poet* and true *Prophet* too)
Whoſe curious Pencil in Rich Colours drew
The Type of this grand Triumph for your view,
(The Fiſhers (like their Herrings) bleeding new)
With the ſame hand ſhall give the World the Sights
Of what it muſt expect when *England* Fights.
That Son and Heir of *Pindars* Muſe and Fame,
Your modeſt *Cowley*, with Your breath will flame,
And make thoſe *Belgick Beaſts*, who live, aſpire
To fall Your Sacrifice in his pure Fire. [Wonder,
He ſhall proclaim Our *JAMES* great *Neptune* s
And, like a *Jove*, Fighting in Clouds and Thunder.

THE GRATEFUL NON-CONFORMIST:

OR,

Return of Thanks to Sir *J. B.* Knight who ſent the Authour Ten CROWNS.

TEn Crowns at once! and to one man! and he
As deſpicable as bad Poets be! [ſame)
Who ſcarce has Wit (if you require the
To make an Anagram upon your Name!
Or to out-rime a Barber, or prepare
An Epitaph to ſerve a *Quinbrough* Mayer!
A limping *Levite!* who ſcarce in his prime
Could woe an *Abigal*, or ſay Grace in rhime!
Ten Crowns to ſuch a Thing! Friend, tis a doſe
Able to raiſe dead *Ben*, or *D'avenant*'s Noſe;
Able to make a Courtier prove a Friend,
And more then all of them in Victuals ſpend.
This free, free Parliament, whoſe gift doth ſound
Full five and twenty hundred thouſand pound:
You

You have out-done them, for yours was your own,
And ſome of it ſhall laſt when theirs is gon.
Ten Crowns at once! and now at ſuch a time,
When Love to ſuch as I am, is a Crime
Greater then his Recorded in *Jane Shore*,
Who gave but one poor loaf to the ſtarv'd Whore.
What, now to help a Non-Conformiſt! Now
When Miniſters are broke that will not bow!
When tis to be unbleſt to be ungirt!
To wear no Surplice, doth deſerve no ſhirt:
No Broth, no Meat; no Service, no Protection;
No Croſs, no Coin; no Collect, no Collection!
You are a daring Knight, thus to be kind;
If truſty *Roger* get it in the wind
Hee'l ſmell a Plot, a *Presbyterian* Plot,
Eſpecially for what you gave the *Scot!*
And if the Spiritual Court take fire from Crack,
They'l clap a Parſter upon your back:
Shall make you ſhrug, as if you wore the Collar
Of a Caſhier'd Red-coat, or poor Scholar.
What will you plead, Sir, if they put you to't?
Was it the Doctor, or the Knight did do't?
Did you as Doctor, flux ſome Uſerer?
And with your quick, did his dull Silver ſtir?
Or did your Zeal, you a Knight-Templer make,
To give the Church the booties you ſhould take?
Or was it your deſire to beg Applauſe?
Or ſhew affection to the good old Cauſe?
Was't to feed Faction, or uphold the ſtickle
Betwixt the old Church and new Conventicle?

No,

No, none of theſe, but I have hit the thing,
It was becauſe you knew I lov'd the King.
Ten Crowns at once! Sir you'l ſuſpected be
For no good Proteſtant, you are ſo free.
So much at once! ſure you ne'er gave before,
Or elſe, I doubt, mean to do ſo no more.
This is enough to make a man proteſt
Religio Medici to be the beſt.
The Chriſtians, for whoſe ſakes we are undone,
Would have cry'd out, oh! tis too much for one
Either to give or take! what needs this waſt?
Oh, how they love to have us keep a Faſt!
Five private Meetings, (where at each, four men
In black coats, and white caps, (you'l call them then
A Teem of Miniſters) have tug'd all day,
Deſerving Provender, but ſcarce got hey;
Where I my ſelf have drawn my part ſome hours,
Have not afforded ſuch return as yours.
I'de wiſh them watch, and keep me ſober ſtill;
Not want of guilt in them, nor want of will
In me, but want of Wine does make me lame,
Or elſe I'de ſacrifice them to the flame
Of a high blazing Satyr. Here's a man
Who ne'er pretended at your rates, yet can
More freely feed us, with Wine and good Diſhes,
Then they (yet that's their alms) with ſighs & wiſhes
Oh, for a Rapture! how ſhall I deſcribe
The love of thouſands to their Reading Tribe!
Who ſo maintan'd them, when they loſt their places
They did not looſe one pimple from their faces;

But

But after all, full fraught with fleſh and flaggon,
Came forth like Monks, or Prieſts of Bell & Dragon.
One would have judg'd by their high looks & ſmells
They had been keep in Cellars, not in Cells:
Where they grew big and batten'd; without doubt
Some that went Firkins in, came Hogs-heads out.
But ours in two years time are skin and bones,
And look like *Gran-dames*, or old *Apple-Johns*:
One *Lazarus* amongſt us was too much,
But ere't be long we all ſhall look like ſuch;
And when that comes to paſs, the world ſhall ſee,
Who are the Ghoſtly Fathers, they or we;
And then our bellies (without better fare)
Will be as empty as their Noddles are:
Though we are ſilent, our guts will not be ſo,
But make a Conventicle as they go:
Poor *Colon* peaſe, and ceaſe thy croking din,
Thou art condemn'd to be a *Chitterlin.*
Niggardly Puritans! bluſh at the odds
Betwixt the *Bonners* and the meagre *Dodds*;
You give your Drink in Thimbles, they in Bowles,
Your Church is poor St. *Faiths* and theirs is *Pauls*;
And whilſt you Prieſts and Altars do deſpiſe,
Your ſelves prove Prieſts, and we your Sacrifice.
But why do I permit my Muſe to whine?
Iwiſh my Brethren all ſuch cheeks as mine,
And thoſe that wiſh as well, ſuch hearts as thine.
My Noble *Baber*, I have choſen you
For my Phyſition, and my Champion too;

Give me but ſometimes ſuch a doſe, and I
Will ne'er wiſh other Cordial till I die,
And then Proclaim you a moſt Valiant Knight,
(Shew but ſuch Mettle) though you never Fight.

FINIS.

THE RECANTATION Of a PENITENT *PROTEUS*; Or, The CHANGLING:

AS

It was Acted with good Applauſe in *St. Maries* in *Cambridge*, and *St. Pauls* in *London*, 1663.

To the Tune of Doctor Fauſtus.

ATtend good People, lay by ſcoffs and ſcorns,
Let *Roundheads* all this day pull in their horns,
But let *Conformiſts* and brave *Caviliers*
Unto my doleful Tone prick up their Ears.
Take from my neck this Robe, a Rope's more fit,
And turn this *Surplice* to a *Penance-ſheet*,
This Pulpit is too good to act my part,
More fit to preach at *Tyburn* in a Cart:

There I deſerv'd t' have taken my degree,
And Doctor *Dun* ſhould have *preſented* me;
There with an hempen *Hood* I ſhould be ſped,
And his *three-corner'd Cap* ſhould crown my head.
Here I am come to hold up guilty hand,
And of the *Beaſt to give my ſelf the Brand*,
Here by confeſſing I have been i'th wrong,
I come to *bore* my ſelf through my own *Tongue*.
In learning my poor Parents brought up me,
And ſent me to the Univerſitie,
There I ſoon found *bowing* the way to *riſe*:
And th' only *Logick* was the *Falacies*.
In ſtead of *Ariſtotles Organon*,
Anthems and Organs I did ſtudy on;
If I could play on them, I ſoon did find,
I rightly had Preferment in the *Wind*.
I follow'd that hot ſcent without controul,
I bow'd my body, and I ſung *Fa Sol*;
I cozen'd Doctor *Couzens*, and e're long
A Fellowſhip obtained *for a Song*.
Then by degrees I clim'd untill I *got*,
Good Friends, good Cloaths, good Commons, and what not?
I got ſo long, until at length I *got*
A Wench with Child, and then I got a Blot.
Before the *Conſiſtorie* I was try'd,
Where like a Villain I both ſwore and ly'd,
And from *the Whore I made*, *I* was *made free*,
By purging of my ſelf *Incontinent LEE*.
But as I ſcorn'd to *Father* mine own Brat,

'Twas

'Twas done to me as *I* had done with That:
The Doctors all, when Doctor *I* would be,
As a *baſe Son*, refus'd to *Father* me;
With much adoe, at length by art and cunning,
My Tears and Vows prevail'd with *Peter Gunning*,
Me to adopt; and for his love and care
I will devote my ſelf to *Peter's Chair*.
Cambridge I left with grief and great diſgrace,
To ſeek my fortune in ſome other place;
And that *I* might the better ſave my ſtake,
I took an Order, and did *Orders take*.
Amongſt *Conformiſts I* my ſelf did liſt
A *Son o'th' Church* as good as ever piſt.
But though *I* bow'd and cring'd, and croſt and all,
I only got a Vicaridge very ſmall.
E're *I* was warm (and warm *I* ne're had been
In ſuch a ſtarved hole as *I* was in)
A fire upon the Church and Kingdome came;
Which *I* ſtrait help't to blow into a *flame*,

The Second Part.

MY Conſcience firſt, like *Balaams Aſs*, was ſhy,
Bogled, and winc't; which when *I* did eſpy,
I cudgel'd her, and ſpurr'd her on each ſide,
Until the Jade her paces all could ride.
When firſt *I* mounted on her tender back,
She would not leave the *Proteſtant dull Rack*,
Till in her mouth the *Cov'nant Bit I* got,
And made her learn the *Presbyterian Trot*;

'Twas an *hard Trot*, and fretted her (alas)
The *Independent Amble* eaſier was,
I taught her that, and out of that to fall
To the *Tantivy* of *Prelatical*.
I rode her once to *Rumford* with a pack
Of Arguments for th' Gov'nant on her back.
That Journey ſhe perform'd at ſuch a rate,
Th' *Committee* gave me a rich *piece of Plate*.
From *Hatfield* to *St. Albans I* did ride,
The Army call'd for me to be their *Guide*;
There *I* ſo ſpur'd her, that *I* made her fling
Not only *dirt*, but *Blood* upon my *King*.
When *Cromwel* turn'd his Maſters out by force,
I made the Beaſt draw like a *Brewers horſe*;
Under the *Rump I* made her wear a *Crooper*,
And under *Lambert* ſhe became a *Trooper*.
When Noble *Monk* the KING did home conveigh,
She (like *Darius Steed*) began to *neigh*.
I taught her ſince to *Organ Pipes* to prance,
As *Banks* his *Horſe* could to a Fiddle dance.
Now with a *Snaffle* or a *Twined-Thread*
To any Government ſhee'l *turn her head*.
I have ſo *broke* her, ſhe doth never ſtart,
And that's the meaning of my *broken heart*.
I have found out a cunning way with eaſe
To make her *caſt her Coat* when ere *I* pleaſe;
And if at *Rack* and *Manger* ſhe may be,
Her *Colts tooth* ſhe will keep moſt *Wanton* LEE.
I'le change as often as the *Man* I'th *Moon*;
[His frequent *Changing* makes him *riſe ſo ſoon*]

To

To eat *Church Plumb-broth* e're it all be gone,
I'le have the *Devils ſpoon* but *I*'le have One.
For many years my Tongue did *lick the Rumps*;
But when *I* ſaw a *KING* was turn'd up *Trump*,
I did reſolve ſtill in my hand to have
One *winning Card*, although 'twere but a *Knave*.
*I*t the *Great Turk* to *England* come, *I* can
Make *Goſpel* truckle to the *Alchoran*;
And if their *Turkiſh Sabbaths* ſhould take place,
I have in readineſs my *Friday face*.
*I*f lockt in *I*ron Cheſt (as we are told)
A *Loadſtone* their great *Mahomet* can hold:
The *Loadſtone* of Prefermeut (*I* preſage)
To *Mahomet* may *draw this Iron Age*.
The *Congregation way* beſt pleaſ'd my mind;
There were more *Shees*, and they moſt free and kind:
By *Chamber practice I* did better thrive
Than all my *Livings*, though *I Skimmed five*.
Mine Eyes are open now my Sins to ſee,
With Tears I cry, *Good People pardon me*;
My *Reverend Fathers* Pardon I do crave,
And hope my *Mothers Bleſſing* yet to have.
My *Cambridge* ſins, my *Bugden* ſins are vile,
My *Eſſex* ſins, my ſins in *Ely-Iſle*,
My *Leiceſter* ſins, my *Hatfield* ſins are many,
But my *St. Albans* ſins more red than any.
To *CHARLES the Firſt I* was a bloody Foe,
I wiſh I do not ſerve the *Second* ſo:
The only way to make me leave that trick,
Is to beſtow on me a *Biſhoprick*.

This

This is St. *Andrews* Eve, and for his ſake
A Biſhoprick in *Scotland* I could take;
And though a *Metropolitan* there be,
*I'*de be as *Sharp*, and full as *Arch* as he.
Now may this *Sermon* never be forgot,
Let others call't a *Sermon*, *I* a *Plot*,
A Plot that takes, if it believed be;
If not, I ſhall repent *Unfeigned*. *LEE*.

FINIS.